A PROPER NEW BALLAD

OF THF

Divels Arſe a *Peake*, Or *SATANS* Beaſtly place,

Or, In plain Terms

OF the POSTERIORS and *FAG-END* of A Long PARLIAMENT.

To be ſaid or Sung very Comfortably *To the Tune of Cook Laurell.*

O Fooliſh Brittanicks, where are your hearts fled?
What fiend doth the Nation bewitch;
That ſince you like Rogues Cut off your own Head,
Your Noſes Cloſe in with the Britch?

The Britch! ſuch a bit, *Nolls* paunch could never brook,
For it put him ſtill to his dumps;
And though full meals of Hell-broth he oft took,
Yet always he ſpew'd out the Rumps.

Till *Lambert* the Knave and *Fleetwood* the fool
(Though *Dick* perſwaded them from it)
Did overturn the Divels Cloſe-ſtool,
And like Dogs return to their Vomit.

No ſooner the Council Table was ſpread
With many a vomited gull;
But the Army grew ſqeezee and turned their Head,
For they ſoon had their belly full.

The Red-coats could never this Rumpling digeſt,
Till adviſ'd by *Old Nick* and his train,
(Who good unwittingly oft may ſuggeſt)
They ſpew'd up their vomit again.

Their Surreverence was for a while out of ſight
Till *Whettam* began to deplore 'um,
And *Arthur* the Knight of the Spur a bold wight,
The Rump of a Rump did reſtore 'um.

Then a pox light on the pitiful Rump
That a third time above board vapers
Which Old Nick blew out; but now turns up Trump
As *Jone* farted in and out tapers.

The Houſe by this Legion was long time Poſſeſt,
But at laſt they were Caſt out of dore;
Yet finding it ſwept, return'd a new gueſt
Seven-times more a fiend then before.

Away then ye pitiful Citizen ſlaves
Who let ſuch enormities paſs,
Were you but true men or not errant knaves,
Fools durſt not you ride like an *Aſs*.

Then dare to be Honeſt, and beat up your Drum,
For when the Rogues here of your power,
Youl'e ſmell what a ſent proceeds from the *Bum*,
From *Whitehall*, at leaſt to the *Tower*.

S'foot! what if theſe Arſe-worms with gifts of our gold
Great *George* to defend them ſhould move,
Our goods and our Liberties, then would be ſold,
And the Divel a *Monk* would he prove.

Then pluck up yonr Spirits, and draw out your Swords
'Tis force that muſt onely prevail,
We have long enough ſtood out in bare Words,
Let's now make a Rod for their Tail.

Then *Vive le Roy* let's merrily ſing,
Can any Man well in his Witts,
Think worſer of *Charles* our Noble good KING,
Then thoſe who do Govern by Fits?

Search round the great City what ill you can ſee,
Which the Raſcally *Rump* hath not done,
And then you will wiſh with the Nation and me,
That *CHARLS* had his Heritage won.

For Swearing, Sacriledge, Murther, and Lies,
KING-Killing, Hyprocriſy, Cheats,
They make no more of theſe Sins, then of Flies,
HELL is almoſt outdam'd by their Feats.

Then fight ye like Men for the good of the Nation,
As ye hope to be Civilly Drunk,
On free coſt at bleſſed *CHARLES* Coronation,
Pray hard for the trueneſs of *Monk*.

Heaven bleſſe our good Soveraign, the beſt of all Men,
Let the KING of our Hearts be Trump,
That Peace and Proſperity may come agen,
Squire *Dun* and Old Nick take the Rump.

Then let the Knaves Shuffle 3 Kingdoms a while
Till each Curr at his fellow ſnarls,
Ere long they will Cut, and after the broyl
The dealing muſt fall to KING *Charls*,

This Flap with a Fox-taile ſhall have the ſame Lot,
That unhorſt his Tumble down Highneſſe,
For ſince the reſt of the Members are not,
The Rump muſt ſhortly have FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *Thomas James*.